Gen'l James A Beaver Mch 11

THE REPUBLICAN.

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PATTON WINS OVER EMERY FOR CONGRESS

MAJORITY IN DISTRICT MAY REACH 1800

Glorious Triumph for Republicans --Patton Carried Every County in District but McKean--Result of Contest for Nomination for State Senator in Doubt, with Alexander probably leading Womelsdorff. Meyer may be on Republican Ticket.

Regular Republicanism scored a magnificent triumph at the primaries, Charles E. Patton, of Curwensville, winning an overwhelming victory over Lewis Emery, Jr., for the Republican nomination for Congress in the Twenty-first district.

Patton's majority in the district is about 1800

Patton won handsome majorities in Centre, Clearfield and Cameron counties. Of the four counties comprising the Twenty-first district, Emery was able to muster a majority in but one, that of McKean, which is his home county.

Centre County responded nobly to the call to arms crushing the Emery forces by a majority of between 900 and 1000 for Patton.

Cameron County gave Patton 200 majority. McKean County, which Emery expected would give him from 2500 to 3000 majority, slumped to 1100, Patton mustering a heavy vote in virtually every section of the county.

Emery's majority in McKean was offset by that for Patton in Centre and Cameron, leaving Patton a clear margin of 1800 in Clearfield.

The Emery managers made Bellefonte the battleground in Centre County. They succeeded in capturing the South and West Wards, but were overwhelmed in the North Ward and lost Bellefonte Borough by 22. The vote in the North Ward was: Patton, 98; Emery, 55. In the South Ward the vote was: Patton, 36; Emery, 49. The vote in the West Ward was: Patton 26; Emery, 34.

The Democrats actively aided the Emery managers whereever possible. Before the primaries opened they boasted of Emery's strength and predicted that he would not only be nominated in the district but that he would have a majority in Centre County. When the returns came in, showing that the regular Republicans had stood loyally by their guns, the Emery managers were unable to conceal their surprise. The regular Republicans were correspondingly happy.

Showing the flat failure of the Emery movement in the county were the splendid reports sent in by Howard Borough, which gave 78 for Patton and but 8 for Emery; State College Borough, which gave 82 for Patton and only 9 for Emery. Other reports were received in rapid order, almost every one vindicating the fidelity of the Republicans in command and the absolute loyalty of the men in the ranks. Snow Shoe Township, which the Emery forces thought they could control responded with the magnificent vote of 53 for Patton and 6 for Emery.

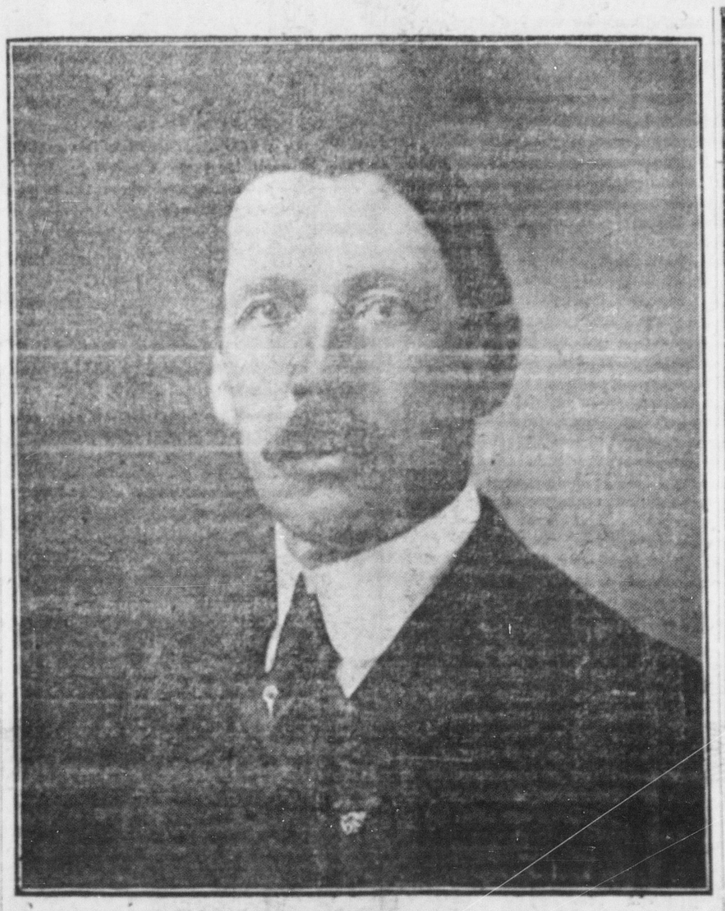
Patton Township, always loyal and true blue, gave Patton 54 and Emery but 2 votes. Half-Moon Township, another true blue, gave Patton 40 and Emery 3. College Township sent the cheering news that Patton had received 60 and that Emery had but 3 solitary votes to his credit.

So it went, all along the line. East Liberty Township rebuked the Emery propaganda with a vote of 47 for Patton and but 7 for Emery. Philipsburg, First Ward, gave Patton 62 and Emery 25; the Second Ward gave Patton 44 and Emery 30; the Third Ward gave Patton 62 and Emery but 25. Harris Township, South Precinct, returned 24 for Patton and but 5 for Emery. Snow Shoe Borough disappointed the Emery managers, returning 22 for Patton and but 15 for Emery. Millheim gave Patton 15 and Emery but 3.

Milesburg and Unionville and Union and Marion townships were counted on by the Emery forces and heavy majorities against Patton. Unionville gave Patton 22 and Emery but 10. Union Township split even, giving Patton and Emery 9 each. Milesburg Borough gave Patton 34 and Emery 18, while in Marion Township the Emery forces won out by a single vote, the result being: Patton, 24; Emery, 25. In Marion Township the returns indicated that a number of Democrats had voted Republican ballots marked for Emery. The total vote for Patton and Emery in the township was heavier than that usually polled in the Republican column.

The returns received thus far on the vote for the Republican nomination for State Senator are rather incomplete. Philip E. Womelsdorff, Joseph Alexander and Frederic R. Schofield were the rival candidates, the district comprising Centre and Clearfield counties. In Centre the result is close as between Womelsdorff and Alexander. The latter is reported as having also polled a good vote in Clearfield, which may give him the nomination. The complete returns will be necessary to determine who has been nominated.

(continued on last column)



CHARLES E. PATTON
Republican Nominee for Congress

DISTRICT.	PATTON	EMERY
Bellefonte, N. W.	98	55
Bellefonte, S. W.	36	49
Bellefonte, W. W.	26	34
Centre Hall Boro.	9	4
Howard Boro.	78	8
Milesburg Boro.	34	18
Millheim Boro.	15	3
Philipsburg, 1st. Ward.	62	25
Philipsburg, 2nd. Ward.	44	30
Philipsburg, 3rd. Ward.	52	26
Snow Shoe Boro.	22	15
S. Philipsburg Boro.		
State College Boro.	82	9
Unionville Boro.	22	10
Benner, North	10	13
Benner, South	9	0
Boggs, North		
Boggs, East	17	3
Boggs, West	17	17
Burnside	7	1
College	60	3
Curtin, North		
Curtin, South		
Ferguson, East	32	0
Ferguson, West	25	1
Gregg, North		
Gregg, East	5	2
Gregg, West	25	4
Half-Moon	40	3
Haines, West		
Haines, East	8	2
Harris, East	8	3
Harris, West	24	5
Howard	19	2
Huston	22	5
Liberty, East	47	7
Liberty, West		
Marion,	24	25
Miles, East	2	1
Miles, Middle	16	1
Miles, West	6	1
Patton,	54	2
Penn	6	1
Potter, North	10	3
Potter, South	6	5
Potter, West		
Rush, North		
Rush, East	7	6
Rush, South	24	44
Rush, West		
Snow Shoe, East	53	6
Snow Shoe, West	11	3
Spring, North	14	10
Spring, South	45	2
Spring, West	13	9
Taylor	31	1
Union	9	9
Walker, East	19	0
Walker, Middle	7	5
Walker, West	11	3
Worth	55	9

Election EXTRA!!

Mr. Patton Sends Congratulations.

Mr. Patton, who won such a magnificent victory, due largely to the noble support accorded him by Centre County Republicans, sends this message of congratulations and thanks to the Republicans of this county:

"I wish to to thank and congratulate the Republicans of Centre county for their support and magnificent work at the primaries. I appreciate every vote cast in my favor.

"CHARLES E. PATTON."

The Old Fellow in Peru.

There's a certain old fellow in Peru,
Who has been taught a thing or two,
He almost dropped dead as this message he read:
"Well, you got what was coming to you."

OUR PERSONAL COLUMN

Lewis Emery, Jr., of Bradford, McKean County, Penna., is visiting faiends in Peru, South America.

(continued from first column)

From such returns as have been received from the county it would appear that J. C. Meyer, Democrat, has been nominated also on the Republican ticket for State Representative. The Republicans presented no candidate for this office, C. L. Gramley having withdrawn at a time when it was too late to file a petition for some other candidate. In a number of districts Meyer's name was written on the Republican ballot and this may give him both the Republican and Democratic nomination. He had no opposition on the Democratic ticket.

The Republicans elected Henry C. Quigley as County Chairman and Harry Keller and David Chambers were elected delegates to the Republican State convention.

The Democrats nominated W. C. Heinle for Congress and renominated George M. Dieveling, the latter of Clearfield, for State Senator.

For the three Democratic State delegates Cunningham, Noll, and Dauberman are in the lead.

TIPS THAT WERE TIPSY.

Showing What Some Democrats Didn't Know About Situation.

Just about the time the primaries were opened the Democrats laughed loud and long.

And then they laughed some more, and then some.

"Its all off; Emery will win in a walk," they said.

"'The Republican' will have to take in its horns, crawl into its hole and eat crow for the next six months", was another remark from Democratic sources, and one made with much glee. To this was added, with even more joy:

"'The Republican' led the fight against Emery, what will 'The Republican do when the returns come in?"

Since the returns came in Democratic comments are as scarce as were Emery votes on Saturday.

Just by way of indicating what some Democrats didn't know about it before the vote was counted, here are a few comments made on Saturday afternoon:

Bill. Heinle: "Sure its Emery; he'll win in a walk."

J. C. Harper: "Why Emery will carry Centre county; bet you a black cigar he does. Why, he'll even lose his home county; mark my words and see if he does'nt."

Jim. Cornelly: "I have just learned a few things, Emery has it cinched. He'll clean up Centre County."

W. Harrison Walker: "Its all Emery. I feel sorry for you, but you're on the wrong side."

Former Sheriff Walker was about the only Democrat about town who seemed able to keep his head. He said. "I don't see how Emery can win; I don't believe he will win."

Results in Other Sections.

In the spirited factional contests in Allegheny county, the friends of United States Senator George T. Oliver were victorious. They captured all but one or two of the delegates to the Republican State convention and virtually a solid delegation to the Legislature.

Congressman John Dalzell, of Pittsburg, against whom a bitter fight was made, was renominated by a small majority.

In Philadelphia the independents and Democrats were unable to capture a single Republican nomination.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., June 6, 1910.

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed., & Pub.

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Getting Into Moral Debt.

Philip D. Armour, millionaire and philanthropist, continually warned young men against getting into debt. He loved free men and despised slaves. When asked if he admired a certain brilliant orator he said: "He may have a superb voice and fine presence, but can't you hear the rattle of his chain? That man is not free. He is under moral obligations that demoralize him. He is not speaking the deepest thing in his soul, and I haven't time to hear any slave talk. I want a man to be just as free as I am."

On another occasion he said: "Don't get into debt—I mean moral debt—it is bad enough to get into debt financially. There goes a young man who is mortgaged. That young man is legging it along with a debt, and it will take twice as much power to get him along as the man without a debt. There are other debts and obligations that are embarrassing in their entanglements. Don't get into debt morally, my boy; don't get into debt so that you may not exercise your freedom to its limits."

The Code of Slang.

It is rather a clever notion in a recent story to make two Americans communicate with each other by means of slang in a Central American republic at a time when all telegrams are carefully inspected. If they used Spanish, that, of course, would be immediately understood. If they used English the officials would find some one to translate it. As they had no cipher code prepared in advance, they could not resort to it. Consequently the first American telegraphs to the other American in "the great and potent code of slang." Here is a telegram which slipped through the fingers of the curious Central American officials:

"His nibs skedaddled yesterday per jack rabbit line with all the coin in the kitty and the bundle of muslin he's spoony about. The boodle is six figures short. Our crowd in good shape, but we need the spondulics. You collar it. The main guy and the dry goods are headed for the briny. You know what to do. Bob."—Bookman.

The Voracious Cormorant.

How a cormorant dives for sea trout and gets them is told by a writer: "I had the cormorant under observation only for the space of four or five minutes, and during that short period it had captured four sea trout, all of considerable size. After being under water for a few seconds the bird would reappear with a sea trout wriggling in its bill. But in spite of the victim's desperate efforts to escape it was deftly swallowed, and after a few gulps the cormorant would resume its fishing operations. One of the sea trout gave it considerable trouble, however, for the fish struggled violently for some moments, but was deftly placed so that its head pointed down its captor's throat, and thus its own struggles assisted the bird to swallow it. After a time the cormorant raised itself in the water, flapping its wings vigorously, as though to help it pack away its heavy repast, and then rose heavily and winged its way upstream."

Simple Transaction.

"I like de 'pearance o' dat turkey mighty well," said Mr. Johnson after a long and wistful study of the bird. The dusky marketman seemed strangely deaf.

"How could I— What arrangements could a pusson make dat wanted to buy dat turkey?" Mr. Johnson asked after a pause.

"Easy terms 'nough," said the marketman briskly. "You get him by means o' a note o' hand."

"A note o' hand," repeated Mr. Johnson, brightening up at once. "Do you mean I writes it out and pays some time when"— But his hope in this glorious prospect was rudely shattered by the marketman.

"A note o' hand means in dis case," he said, with disheartening clearness, "dat you hands me a two dollar note, Mr. Johnson, and I hands you de turkey in response to dat note."

All Is Not Lion That Roars.

A negro was arrested for stealing coal and employed a lawyer of loud oratorical voice to defend him in a justice court.

"That lawyer could roar like a lion," the negro said. "I thought he was going to talk that judge off the bench and that jury out of the box. I got one continuance and hurried up to burn all that coal and hide the evidence. Then came the day of my trial. That roarin' lawyer went up and whispered to the judge. Then he came back and whispered to me:

"'You better send that coal back or you'll go to jail.'"—Kansas City Star.

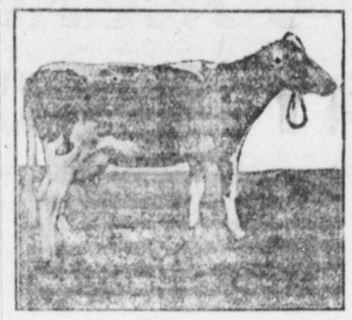
Ruse That Worked.

Roundsman—How did you keep all of those girls from rushing out of the moving picture show when the lights went out? Policeman—It was dead easy. When they started to rush I said: "That's right! Old ladies first!" And the way they held back was a caution.—Chicago News.

MANAGEMENT OF THE DAIRY HERD

Following is a very valuable article on the management of the dairy herd by an expert on matters pertaining to dairying which those interested in the subject will find useful and important:

Whether the cows be grades or pure breds, it is of the highest importance in building up a dairy herd to secure a pure bred sire of outstanding dairy merit. Unless the sire is descended from good milkers it is folly to expect



A GOOD SPECIMEN OF DAIRY COW.
[By courtesy of Iowa State college.]

him to produce good milkers, no matter how fine or how ideal he may be as an individual.

Another matter of prime importance in the successful management of a dairy herd is the keeping of a record of the milk and butter fat produced by the individual cows of the herd. The keeping of a daily record of the weight of the milk of each cow is a very simple and inexpensive task.

All that is necessary is to have a small scale and a ruled sheet of paper upon which to record the weights of milk morning and night. The daily weighing of the milk from each cow is valuable also in serving as a check upon the work of the milkers.

The milk from each cow should be tested about once a month during the whole period of lactation. A satisfactory way of doing this is to collect what is known as a composite sample, which consists in securing about one-half ounce of milk from each of six consecutive milkings and placing this in a half pint composite sample jar containing a small amount of preservative.

The test of this composite sample will represent the average amount of butter fat for the period during which the sample was taken and will serve with sufficient accuracy as an average test during the entire month.

By keeping a record of this kind it will be found that the owner of practically every herd is keeping cows which do not pay for their feed, and the only sure way of locating these cows is in keeping records as outlined above.

Resting Horses' Feet.

Every farm horse should if possible be allowed to go without his shoes at least two or three months every year. In fact, it is hardly necessary to shoe a horse on the farm unless he is to go on the hard roads or work on the hard soils where he is required to do much heavy pulling. Without shoes a horse's hoof will grow out, regain its natural shape, which is always more or less changed by continuous shoeing.

Many city horses with hoofs bound and cracked and otherwise injured have been taken to a farm, their shoes pulled off and turned out to pasture and thoroughly cured within six months. In fact, the farmers around the large cities used to find in this class of animal a cheap supply, many of which turned out to be first class horses, showing that all that was needed was rest on Mother Earth without their shoes.

Notes on Horses.

Do you want a balky horse? You can easily have one by giving him too heavy loads to draw.

The whip needed to make a horse increase his speed is in the manger.

Good treatment of a horse will not soon be forgotten. Neither will poor treatment. The way a horse is handled makes the animal what he is.

Some men beat their horses for things for which they are not responsible.

After a hard day's work in the field the horses will enjoy a few moments to roll in the yard or about the straw pile. Your horses will scratch themselves more in five minutes by rolling than you can scratch them with a currycomb in thirty minutes.

A Few Helpful Squeals.

Insist on everything being quiet about the breeding pen.

As a rule, a well fed sow is not so nervous as a hungry one, and she will not get up and down so much. Thus she reduces the danger to the pigs.

There is such a thing as making too careful preparation for the expected litter of pigs. If too much straw is put in the farrowing pen the mother will make the nest so deep that the little fellows will get entangled in the straw, where the mother will lie upon them.

Good Way to Wash Stable Blanket.

A stable blanket that has been in use all winter is usually badly soiled and heavy as well as disagreeable from a sanitary standpoint. To wash the blanket is no small task, but by wise means it may be cleansed with little trouble and labor. Simply spread the soiled and saturated blanket on sod ground during a heavy spring rain, and if one rain does not cleanse put it out during another. As soon as the rain ceases and the blanket can be raised hang it up, dry it and take it in.

When Lincoln Sat For His Bust.

When Vinnie Ream, the sculptor, was a mere child still and her experience in modeling consisted of a few busts and medallions she timidly asked President Lincoln to permit her to model his bust. "I don't know why any one should want the picture or statue of so homely a man," he answered and at first declined to sit. But when Senator Nesmith told him that the western girl, "who was poor, but talented," would be disappointed if unable to secure this favor he turned quickly and said: "She is poor, is she? Well, that is nothing against her, and I will sit for the model."

During the sittings the great man would watch with much interest the hands of the girl sculptor at her work; but, speaking of him later, she said: "For the most part he was sad and silent, weighed upon by the stress of a nation in peril and his own recent personal loss of a beloved son. Ah those were sad days at the White House! One day the president's eyes were full of tears as he turned from gazing out of the window, and he said to me, 'I am thinking of Willie.'"—Designer.

Curious Training Methods.

Every baseball player seems to have his own system, and some of the methods used are laughable, and few are of any practicable value. One young catcher who joined a National league club a few years ago brought five gallons of iron, beef and wine in jugs in his trunk to make him strong. Cannon balls that weigh twenty-five pounds are used to roll over the abdomen. Iron rolling pins, special bandages, a thousand kinds of rubbing oils and lotions, ranging from patent medicines to horse liniments and oil made by boiling down fishing worms, vibrators of all sizes and shapes, odd arm bakers to be superheated with electricity and rubber bands are employed. Hotel rooms are turned into gymnasiums, and one of the funniest sights of a year is to sit in a card game with half a dozen players swathed like putty mummies in blankets, sweaters and flannels until they look as if they were starting on an arctic journey.—American Magazine.

Wellington's Coolness.

The Duke of Wellington was one day sitting at his library table when the door opened and without any announcement in stalked a figure of singularly ill omen.

"Who are you?" asked the duke in his short and dry manner, looking up without the slightest change of countenance upon the intruder.

"I am Apollyon. I am sent here to kill you."

"Kill me? Very odd."

"I am Apollyon and must put you to death."

"'Bliged to do it today?"

"I am not told the day or the hour, but I must do my mission."

"Very inconvenient; very busy; great many letters to write. Call again or write me word. I'll be ready for you."

The duke then went on with his correspondence. The maniac, appalled probably by the stern, immovable old gentleman, backed out of the room and in half an hour was in an asylum.

A Legend of February.

Here is the pretty legend which tells why February has only twenty-eight or twenty-nine days. Long ago, they say, February was a gambler, and he was so unlucky that he soon lost all his money. Like other gamblers, he tried to recover it, and he said to his companions that if they would lend him some money he would give them as security one of his days. January and March, who were naturally associated with him more often than any of the other months, accepted his offer and as poor February soon lost the money which he had borrowed each of them acquired one of his days. That is why January and March have each thirty-one days and February has only twenty-eight in ordinary and twenty-nine in leap years.

A Faithful Servant.

Carlyle told once of a lawsuit pending in Scotland affecting the succession to a great estate of which he had known something. The case depended on a family secret known only to one old servant, who refused to reveal it. A kirk minister was sent to tell her she must speak on peril of her soul. "Peril of my saul!" she said. "And would ye put the honor of an auld Scottish family in competition with the saul of a poor creature like me?"

When Women Rule the Wave.

"Captain, I have to report that the ship is sinking rapidly."

"I wish to goodness, Gertie, you wouldn't bother me so often. However, you may cut her stays, which will probably relieve her, and have the stewardess serve tea at once in the pink room."—Life.

Platt's Response.

Thomas C. Platt was asked once upon a time whom he considered the greatest Republican politician of his day and generation.

"I have often wished," was Platt's response, "that I had been Quay's office boy for six months or more."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

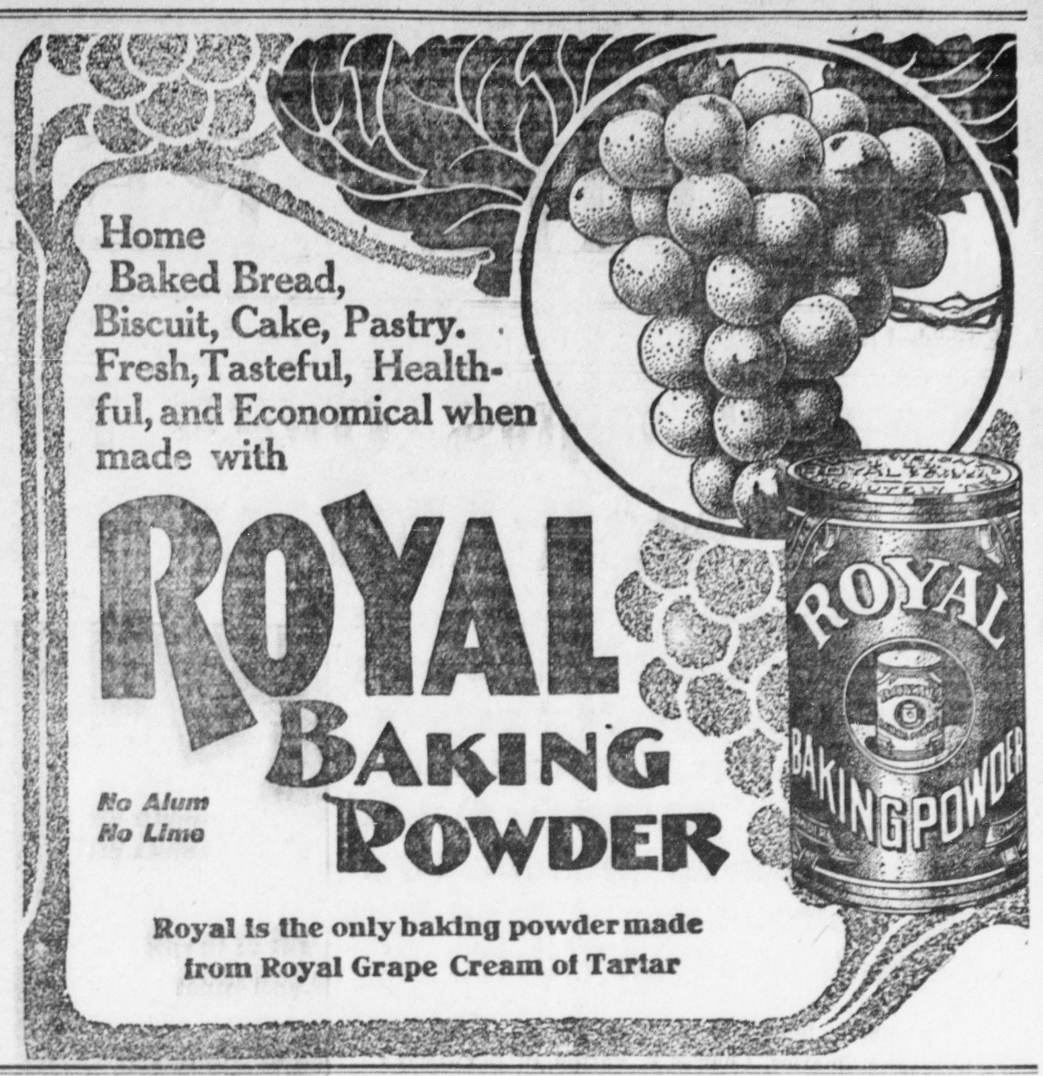
Cash and Credit.

"Father, what is meant by bankruptcy?"

"Bankruptcy is when you put your money in your hip pocket and let your creditors take your coat."—Fliegende Blatter.

No Barrier.

Miss Payne—You can't marry Jack because I'm engaged to him. Miss Faire—What's that got to do with it?—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local application, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed conditions mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by cattarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Glad to Recommend Them.

Mr. E. Weanley, Kokomo, Ind., says: "After taking Foley Kidney Pills, the severe backache left me, my kidneys became stronger, the secretions natural and my bladder no longer pained me. I am glad to recommend Foley Kidney Pills." In a yellow package. Sold by C. M. Parrish.

Lost-Knight Templar's 32 Degree Watch Charm, near intersection of Pennsylvania and Bellefonte Central Railroad tracks, below Bellefonte. Finder will be suitably rewarded upon returning same to J. C. Meyer, Bellefonte, Pa.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Nittany Light, Heat and Power Company will be held at the office of the company, in the borough of State College, Centre County, Pennsylvania, on the second Monday of June, 1910, at 4 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of the election of directors and any other business that may properly come before this meeting. 6-2-2t.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Nittany Real Estate Company will be held at the office of the company, in the borough of State College, Centre County, Pennsylvania, on the second Monday of June, 1910, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of the election of directors and any other business that may properly come before this meeting. 6-2-2t.

Notice of Divorce.

Artie M. Grimm vs. S. Ray Grimm } In the Court of Common Pleas in and for the County of Centre. No. 1 February Term, 1910. In Divorce. A. V. M.

To S. Ray Grimm: Whereas your wife, Artie M. Grimm, has filed a libel in the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, No. 1 February Term, 1910, praying for a divorce against you.

Now, you are hereby notified and requested to appear in said Court, on or before Monday, September 26th, 1910, to answer the complaint of your said wife, Artie M. Grimm, and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Artie M. Grimm should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, and in default of such appearance, you will be liable to have a divorce granted in your absence.

W. E. HURLEY.

Bellefonte, Pa., May 21, 1910. Sheriff.
4-23-3t

Divorce Notice.

Bertha Pemberton vs. Colin Pemberton. In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre Co., No. 62. December Term, 1909. Divorce A. V. M.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, a Commissioner appointed by the above stated Court, to take testimony in the above cause, will meet the parties in interest, and the testimony will be taken at the office of James C. Furst, Esq., in the borough of Bellefonte, Pa., on Monday the 20th day of June A. D. 1910, at 10 o'clock A. M. when and where the parties interested may appear.

JAMES C. FURST,
Commissioner.

Penny-A-Word Column.

FOR SALE—A sorrel horse; 9 years old; weighs between eleven and twelve hundred pounds; is splendid driver; fearless of all objects; an exceptional opportunity for anybody desiring to purchase a fine horse. Call or address, Frank D. Millward, Pleasant Gap, Pa. Bell phone.

FOR SALE—About 80 square feet fine white pine lattice work. In first class condition. Will be sold at a bargain. Inquire at this office.

FOR SALE—A barber shop; located in the Nittany Inn and doing a nice business; a bargain if sold at once; reason, sickness. Apply to C. A. Woomer, State College, Pa.

WANTED—Good chambermaid at Nittany Inn. Good wages and steady employment. Address or phone J. P. Aikens, State College, Pa.

WANTED—Second cook at Nittany Inn. Good wages and steady employment. Address J. P. Aikens, State College, Pa.

$15.00 per week paid one man or lady in each town to distribute free circulars and take orders for white Ribbon concentrated non alcoholic Flavors in tubes. Permanent position. Experience unnecessary. J. S. Ziegler Company 550 Cor. o Block, Chicago. 6-2-2t.

Wanted—Young men to learn automobile business by mail and prepare for positions as chaffeurs and repair men. We make you expert in ten weeks; assist you to secure position. Pay big; work pleasant, demand for men great; reasonable; write for particulars and sample lesson. Empire Automobile Institute, Rochester, N. Y.

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the John Meese store.

Eggs, per dozen	.20
Butter, per pound	.20
Lard, per pound	.15
Tallow, per pound	.05
Potatoes, per bushel	.35
Onions, yellow, per bushel	.60

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co.

Wheat, red	$1.00
Wheat, white	.95
Corn, shelled (per bu.)	.70
Corn, ears, (per bu.)	.70
Oats, (per bu.)	.45
Rye, (per bu.)	.70
Barley, (per bu.)	.60
Buckwheat, (per bu.)	.50

Pure Olive Oil for medicinal use—GET IT AT GREEN'S

ANNOUNCEMENTS

FOR CONGRESS.

You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for Congress, from the 21 Congressional District composed of the Counties of Clearfield, McKean, Centre and Cameron, subject to the Rules of the Republican Party. Primary Election, June 4, 1909.

Yours truly,
CHAS. E. PATTON
Curwensville,
Clearfield County.

FOR CONGRESS.

To The Editor: I hereby announce myself a candidate for Congress in the 21st Pennsylvania district, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held June 4 1910. I make this announcement and enter the contest in compliance with the earnest requests of many prominent members of the party in the district and also because I believe that in Congress, if elected, I would be in a position to effectively advocate those principles and measures of good government, which now more than ever, should be embodied in Federal legislation. I believe in clean policies and progressive Roosevelt policies. And to the end that I may serve their best interests, I ask the support of the Republicans of this district.

LEWIS EMERY, JR.
Bradford, Pa., March 15, 1910.

FOR STATE SENATOR.

The undersigned respectfully announces himself as a candidate for the Republican nomination for the State Senate, in the 34th., Senatorial District, and solicits your support at the Primaries, on Saturday, June, 4th., 1910.

PHILIP E. WOMELSDORFF.
Philipsburg, Pa.,

FOR STATE SENATOR.

I desire to announce my candidacy for the Republican nomination for State Senator in the Thirty-fourth Senatorial District subject to the decision of the Republican electors at the primaries, on June 4, 1910. JOSEPH ALEXANDER,
Madera,
Clearfield County, Pa.

FOR COUNTY CHAIRMAN.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for CHAIRMAN of the Republican County Committee for the year 1911, subject to the approval of the Republican voters at the primaries, on June 4, 1910.

HENRY C. QUIGLEY,
Bellefonte, Pa.

For Rent.

The following suites of rooms, heated with steam:

3 rooms in Exchange Building.
2 rooms in Exchange Building.
Storage Rooms in Exchange Building, at one dollar per month.

F. W. CRIDER.

The Small Depositor

has discovered the advantages of a check account. He has learned that to draw his checks lend a certain individual prestige since none may guess how much stands behind it. Again, it keeps personal expenses down for the cancelled checks, when returned, mercilessly show the aggregate amount spent. Then it brings a new joy in making a balance grow, an incentive to thrift never felt before. Try it with us.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
BELLEFONTE, PA.

Capital $100,000. Surplus $125,000.

Compulsory Marriage

The Government of Dalmaria Broke Up Bachelorhood and Spinsterhood

By F. A. MITCHEL

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The population of Dalmaria had been running down for years. The marriage licenses, which formerly had been issued by the city government at the rate of about a hundred a week, had diminished to ten or a dozen a month.

To remedy the evil the government passed a law that all men should be married by their twenty-first birthday and no girl should refuse an offer unless she could prove the proposer to be a man of bad character or that he was not able to support her.

There was consternation among the unmarried of both sexes at the passage of this law. Single men began to bestir themselves to secure—as some of them expressed it—the least undesirable girl in the town. A woman who had received a proposition was given a week to examine into her proposer's fitness and come to a decision. But at the end of the week a new proposer might be accepted. Consequently the girl was not necessarily compelled to marry the first proposer unless no one else entered a claim. This was considered a very wise expedient since it admitted of competition. Nevertheless it resulted in considerable litigation. Girls finding themselves unable to decide between several applicants would defer decision till the limit of time had passed. Sometimes a young man within a few days of his twenty-first birthday would be put off till he had broken the law.

That which has been called the Dumbleton case has come down to us as a cause celebre of this city of compulsory marriages. Irene Dumbleton was what is now called a flirt. It is said that she once met a man at a ball and so twisted his brain that within a couple of days he lay down to an eternal sleep on the bottom of a river. Another within a week after meeting her is reported to have climbed out of the sixth story window of a building and dived to the sidewalk below. Irene Dumbleton could do anything she liked with a man, either reduce him to dough or bake him so hard that she could kill an elephant with him. Nevertheless the instances mentioned were doubtless exaggerated.

When the marriage statute became a law Miss Dumbleton saw that she must marry some man who might propose to her. She did not intend that the wrong proposer should come within the limits of the law. She did not mean to wait for a proposition. She made it her object to draw into her net within a week after her first offer as many proposers as possible in order that she might choose between them.

The morning after the law had gone into effect Miss Dumbleton received a basketful of proposals. Some of the proposers were desirable, some were undesirable and some midway between the two. She wrote all the names of men she considered available on cards and laid them in a row in order of their desirability. The next day brought an accession to the list with a consequent introduction of new names and a rearrangement of the order of value. The second and subsequent days brought still larger accessions, until at the last day of grace three-quarters of the eligible bachelors of her class had proposed to her.

One would think that with so many to choose from Miss Dumbleton might find one—all the law allowed—to fill the position of husband. The truth is that the one she really desired, one whom she had previously declined, had not sent in his name as a candidate for reconsideration.

When Miss Dumbleton discovered that the proposal of Egbert Whitmarsh had not been sent in she was seized with a sudden apprehension. If seven days should pass without his having spoken again she would be obliged to choose between humiliating herself before the man she wanted or going to jail.

Miss Dumbleton lay awake all night thrashing her pillow like one in a fever over this alternative. At one moment she vowed that she would marry one of the men who had proposed to her, thus showing Mr. Whitmarsh that he was not wanted. At the next she decided to break the law and go to jail. Finally it occurred to her that Mr. Whitmarsh was not supposed to know of her change of heart. She concluded to make a virtue of necessity and inform him of that change.

That day—the last but one of those left her to comply with the law—she spent three hours writing letters to "My Dear Mr. Whitmarsh," "My Dear Egbert," "My Dear Friend," "Honored Sir," but she neither came to a decision as to which of these modes of address she would use, nor did any of the letters she wrote please her. Finally she threw them all in the wastebasket, went out, bought a few forgetmenots and, putting one of them into an envelope with her card, sent it to Mr. Whitmarsh.

The reply came back to her: "You indicate that you would wish me not to forget you. This is heaping on me a sorrow's crown. If you realized my sufferings on your account you would wish me to forget you as soon as possible."

"Fool!" exclaimed Miss Dumbleton. "Must I tell him that I have changed my mind with regard to him? Yes! No! What shall I do? I have but till tomorrow at noon."

She dashed off the words, "I have changed my mind," and, placing the message in the hands of her servant, told him to take it at once to Mr. Whitmarsh.

The reply was, to say the least, annoying: "To me who have loved you from the first moment I laid eyes on you your message is unintelligible. How can one change one's mind so quickly in a matter of love? Love is not an opinion; it is a mingling of souls."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Miss Dumbleton. "Only fifteen hours left, and this stupid man will either force me to marry one I don't wish and whom he doesn't wish me to marry or he will send me to jail!"

Miss Dumbleton was in despair. Could Mr. Whitmarsh have changed his mind? Were she assured of this, though to marry another would be to blight her life, she could bring herself to do so. But to give up a man she loved and whom she could not convince that she loved was maddening. She execrated the law that had forced her into such a position. After wildly debating what she should do next she sent Mr. Whitmarsh the following message: "Have you not heard that there are times when a woman says 'No' meaning 'Yes?'"

The reply that came back to this was, "Does a woman who says 'Yes' mean 'No?'"

Miss Dumbleton stamped her foot; she moaned; she did everything except tear her hair. That she would have done had it not been her crowning beauty. Then when she had recovered a bit of calmness she determined to make one more appeal. She wrote:

"The law compels me to accept by tomorrow one of a number of offers I have received."

To this the reply came: "You fill me with grief. How happy would I be to save you if only you loved me. But a marriage of convenience—impossible! To marry one I devotedly love merely to convey upon her a favor would profane my most sacred feelings."

When Miss Dumbleton received this message a suspicion came to her that Mr. Whitmarsh was not such a fool after all. Indeed, it occurred to her that he was playing with her. Was it in revenge for the treatment he had himself received at her hands, or did he propose to punish her for what she had inflicted on his sex? At any rate, she could go no further. She considered the plan of inviting him to come to see her with a view to determining by observation what was his real attitude toward her, but she felt that she had already demeaned herself to the utmost, and she could not bring herself to do so any further.

On the morning she must accept one of her suitors or violate the law a basket of beautiful cut flowers came to her with Mr. Whitmarsh's name attached. For a few moments she was overjoyed. Could it be possible that he would relent? She waited awhile, but received no further word from him and abandoned herself to despair.

* * * * * * *

"The state against Dumbleton!" called the clerk of the court.

Miss Dumbleton stepped to the front.

"Irene Dumbleton," said the judge, "you are charged by the matrimonial bureau with a violation of the marriage laws in that you have refused to marry Alfred Trimmingham, first of fifty-four proposers, and you made no claim that he is of bad character or that he cannot support you. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, your honor."

"How comes it," rejoined the judge, "that with so many suitors to choose from you cannot find one to please you?"

The lady stood silently looking at the floor.

"This, your honor," said the prosecuting attorney of the matrimonial bureau, "is the most flagrant case we have had. This woman ever since she came of a matrimonial age has drawn suitors to her, keeping them from proposing to other women and refusing to marry any one of them herself. And now we have all these bachelors who claim that they have complied with the law in proposing to her to encumber the calendar with their cases. I trust that your honor will inflict upon her the heaviest penalty the law allows."

"Once more, Irene Dumbleton," said the judge, "I ask you to choose one from among the fifty-four men who are willing to marry you. I would remind you that the law does not permit a woman to change her mind and be released from the penalty after sentence has been imposed, though she may do so before she has received her sentence. The extreme penalty that I can impose upon a woman refusing to marry is ten years' imprisonment, with the addition of one year for every man who has made her a proposition. It will therefore be my duty to send you to prison for sixty-four years, and when you are again free to marry, you being eighty-six"—

"Eighty-four, your honor."

—"you will not find a matrimonial market equal to that of today. Will you choose?"

The woman remained silent.

"Then, Irene Dumbleton, I sentence"—

"Hold, your honor!" cried a voice. Egbert Whitmarsh advanced. "I propose for the hand of this woman. Irene, will you marry me?"

"No."

"In the feminine vocabulary, your honor, I am told 'No' means 'Yes,'" said Whitmarsh, and, taking Miss Dumbleton's hand, he drew it under his arm and led her out of court.

[These articles and illustrations must not be reprinted without special permission.]

A TURKEY TALE.

Whether turkey eggs sell at $1,000 apiece some day depends on what turkey raisers do in the present.

Great auks were once thick as peas in a pod. Today there's not one alive on the sod, and their eggs now sell at $12,000 per dozen.

If you object to dealing in futures just keep a few turkey eggs for heirlooms. They may give your "poor relations" something to fight over some day.

The east today is a turkey graveyard, and the sad intelligence now comes that blackhead is knocking out the red headed gobblers of the middle west, and if it just sweeps down to Texas and over the Rockies the name turkey on this continent will be Dennis.

The standard recognizes six varieties—Bronze, Narragansett, Buff, Slate Black, White Holland.

There are others, such as the Bourbon Reds and mixed varieties.

All resemble each other much in shape, musical ability and that dandy flavor and fitness to hit the spot.

Their main difference is in color and size. Bronze and Narragansett are most alike in color and size, the latter having more light markings.

Bronze cock and hen weigh thirty six and twenty-five pounds respectively.

THE MAMMOTH BRONZE—OH, HOW PROUD!

Narragansett, thirty and eighteen pounds. Buff, Black and Slate weigh alike, twenty-seven pounds for cock and eighteen for hen.

The White Holland was classed for a time at twenty-six for cock and sixteen for hen, but by breeding them with white sports from the Bronze their weight has much increased.

These are standard weights, the criterion for exhibition specimens.

They are not arbitrary, however. A Bronze cock that sold for $500 at the northern Illinois poultry show weighing fifty-two pounds, while a ten months-old Bronze tom at the Dallas (Tex.) show weighed forty and a half pounds.

The Narragansett is seen mostly in New England, the Buff and Bourbon Red in the south, the Black and Slate are scattered, and the latter is almost extinct.

The magnificent Mammoth Bronze and beautiful White Holland are the most numerous and popular of the turkey family.

THE WHITE HOLLAND—OH, HOW SASSY!

May their tribe increase!

The great auk is nit, the buffalo has flit, and whether turkeys in the future will be stuffed with onions and oysters to decorate tables to the delectation of lip smacking millions or be stuffed with sawdust to be rubbered at by spectators in museums is a question for turkey fanciers to settle for themselves and posterity.

EFFECT OF SUGGESTION.

It Can Fill Our Lives With Gladness or With Misery.

There is nothing that plays so important a part in the daily life of men and women as does suggestion, says H. Addington Bruce in the Delineator. Mentally, morally and to a large extent physically we are what we are because of its influence. Suggestion can make of us saints or criminals, heroes or cowards. It can lift us from beds of sickness or doom us to a hopeless invalidism. It can fill our lives with gladness or with misery. It is a great force ceaselessly operative, unescapable. But it is a force that we can nevertheless direct and utilize if we only understand its laws, and the more wisely, the more persistently, the more thoroughly we use it, the happier and healthier we shall be.

No matter how many setbacks come, keep repeating to yourself optimistic autosuggestions. Repetition is one of the most forceful instruments of suggestion. There is a great truth underlying the familiar saying "As a man thinketh, so is he." Moreover, you can utilize the law of repetition to draw from your surroundings beneficial suggestions that will powerfully re-enforce your autosuggestions. You can do so because every detail in your environment is of suggestive value to you, and, although no one can make this environment all that it should be, nevertheless it is quite within your power to modify it in such a way that it will give you a maximum of helpful and a minimum of harmful suggestions.

A FAMOUS TIMEPIECE.

The Astronomical Clock at Hampton Court Palace.

The famous astronomical clock at Hampton Court palace, near London, is the first timepiece of that character erected in England and was made for Henry VIII. in 1540. According to Ernest Law, the historian of Hampton Court palace, it was the creation of Nicholas Cratzer, a German astronomer, who visited England at the invitation of Cardinal Wolsey, who introduced him to the king.

It is possible to learn from it the hour, the month, the day of the month, the position of the sun and the number of days since the beginning of the year, phases of the moon and its age, the hour at which it crosses the meridian and the time of high water at London bridge. The winding of the clock occupies half an hour every week. The weights descend to a depth of more than sixty feet.

Like many other things about the palace, it has its legends. It is related that when Anne of Denmark, queen of James I., died in the palace the clock, which was striking 4 at the moment, immediately stopped. This it is said to do whenever any old resident in the palace dies within its precincts, and alleged modern instances of the fact are quoted solemnly by the credulous.—Argonaut.

How He Won Her.

A man who married his stenographer won her through sheer persistency. Although it was evident to the wooer that the young woman did not regard him entirely without favor, he found it extremely difficult to get her to listen to his plea. The stenographer refused to lunch, sup or go to the theater with her admirer. Finding every avenue of approach blocked, the determined courter, who possessed some literary facility, wrote a short love story, in which the girl and he were the leading figures. This story he sent to the stenographer every morning for a month and ordered her to typewrite it for him. She dared not refuse to do as her employer commanded, and, realizing through the story that he would never give up until she married him, she finally acquiesced.—Chicago Record-Herald.

They Paid the Price.

The corporation of the city of Glasgow wanted to purchase the Whistler portrait of Carlyle and in due course waited on the master of the gentle art of making enemies about the price (1,000 guineas). They admitted it was a magnificent picture, but "Do you not think, Mr. Whistler, the sum a wee, wee bit excessive?"

"Didn't you know the price before you came to me?" asked the master, with suspicious blandness.

"Oh, aye, we knew that!" replied the corporation.

"Very well, then," said Mr. Whistler in his suavest tones, "let's talk of something else." And as there was nothing else of interest to detain the "corporation" they paid the price and made an excellent bargain.

Airy.

"I'm looking for a breezy march," said the bandmaster in a Chestnut street music store the other day.

"How about this one dedicated to the Aero club?" the facetious clerk asked.

"I suppose it is written for wind instruments," the bandmaster countered.

"Well, the air is easy," the clerk shot back, and the interchange stopped.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

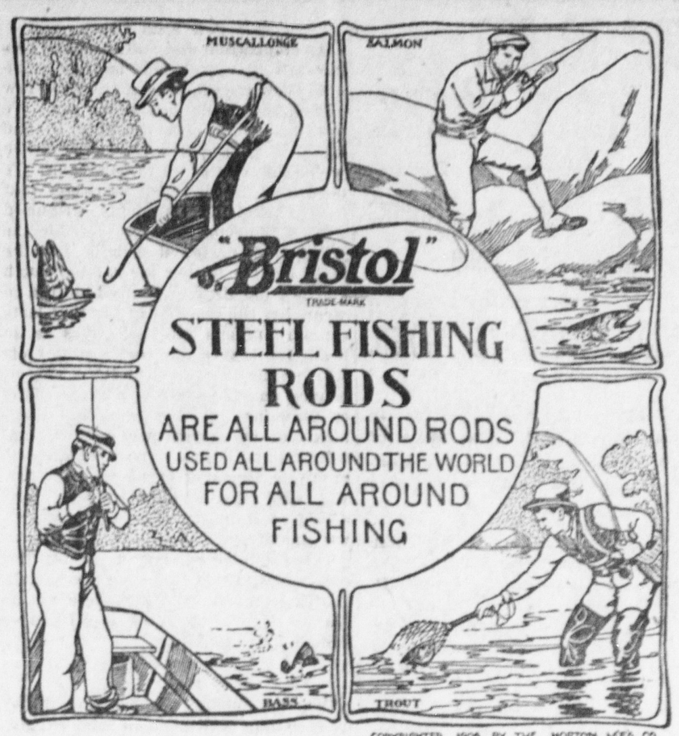
Well Satisfied.

"Old Grabber ought to be satisfied with the money he has."

"He is satisfied—so much so that he wants a lot more of exactly the same kind."—London Tit-Bits.

Already Done.

Pa—But, young man, do you think you can make my girl happy? Suitor—Do I? Say, I wish you could 'a' seen her when I proposed.—Cleveland Leader.



We have them, as well as Lines, Leaders, Flies, Hooks and all other fishing material.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

The Rexall Store

BELLE ONTE - PA.

When Finished.

Busy persons, forced to defend themselves from interminable talkers who have little to say, can appreciate a hint to which Henry IV. of France once resorted. A parliamentary deputy called upon him and made a long speech. The king listened patiently for a time, then he decided that his visitor would do well to condense his remarks. He took him by the hand and led him to where they could see the gallery of the Louvre.

"What do you think of that building? When it is finished it will be a good thing, will it not?"

"Yes," replied the man of many words, not guessing what was coming next.

"Well, monsieur, that is just the way with your discourse," was the king's mild observation.

Peculiarities of the Opossum.

The American opossum is one of the most curious animals living in the United States. It is the only one that carries its young in a pouch like the kangaroo. It is the only animal that can feign death perfectly. It is remarkable for hanging by its tail like a monkey. It has hands resembling those of a human being. Its snout is like a pig's, while its mouth is liberally furnished with teeth. Its eyes are like a rat's, and it hisses like a snake.

Little by Little.

The Young Wife (showing her furniture)—Here's the rocking chair for the parlor. Isn't it just lovely? Mrs. Oldly (rather critically)—But I don't see any rockers, dear. The Young Wife—Oh, they'll be here next month. You see, we are buying the chair on the installment plan, and we haven't paid for the rockers yet."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Westminster Abbey.

The full legal title of Westminster abbey is "the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, Westminster." Very few people have heard the famous burial place so designated. A collegiate church, as distinguished from a parish church, is one that is administered by a "college" of priests instead of an individual rector or vicar.—Westminster Gazette.

Another Way.

"Why don't you throw away this old junk? It is of no use to any one."

"But that would make me feel wasteful."

"Then give it away and feel charitable."—Washington Herald.

Exercise is the chief source of improvement in all our faculties.—Blair.

Their Ideals.

"Why did you never marry, Tom?" inquired the young benedict of the old bachelor.

"Well, you see," replied the single one, "when I was quite young I resolved that I wouldn't marry until I found an ideal woman. I was difficult to please, but after many years I found her."

"Lucky beggar! And then"—

"She was looking for an ideal man," replied the bachelor sadly.

Good Enough For Him.

Ascum—I see there's some talk upon the question of abolishing capital punishment. Would you vote to abolish it? Logic—No, sir; capital punishment was good enough for my ancestors, and it's good enough for me.—Presbyterian Standard.

Envy.

"Don't you think envy is a terrible thing?" said the earnest girl.

"No," answered Miss Cayenne; "not if it's the envy of some one else for something you possess."—Washington Star.

Drew's Great Speech.

"When I was a very young man," Senator Depew once related, "I went out to make a political speech with some older men one night. They wanted something red hot, and I handed it out.

"I just turned myself to skin the opposition, and, on the whole, the audience seemed to like it. The more they cheered the more I warmed to it. I was immensely pleased with my success. But after I got home I was worried. I had roasted the other side awfully. I lay awake wondering if it wouldn't react and injure our side more than the opposition.

"Then I bethought of some personal allusions I had made that might easily be constructed as libelous. I got a good deal excited and slept very little. In the morning I hurried down to see whether the papers had roasted me. The meeting was reported all over the front page. I plunged into it, shivering in nervousness. But I needn't have worried. What it said about my speech was in the last two lines:

"'A young man named Depew also spoke.'"—New York Telegram.

Collecting an Old Debt.

The other day the manager of a furniture house in town asked one of his star salesmen to collect a bill of long standing, for which the regular collector had been unable to get cash. The manager told his man to threaten a lawsuit if necessary. The salesman said he would collect it without that and went to the delinquent's office. He put the bill in the band of his derby hat, and with the hat held nonchalantly in his left hand he strolled into the inner shrine. The man at the desk looked at him inquiringly and then glanced down at the conspicuous bill.

"Well, what is it?" he asked.

"Pardon me," said the salesman in his best manner, "but could you tell me is Mr. Jones dead?"

"Why, no! I'm Mr. Jones."

"Thank you. That's all I wanted to know," said the salesman and walked abruptly from the room.

Next day a check came for the amount.—New York Sun.

Saving the Union.

Until we had a national game it was silly, according to Ellis Parker Butler in Success Magazine, to speak of the loose group of states as a nation. The people had too much time in which to talk politics, and whenever they talked politics they became angered, and whenever they were angered they wanted to secede or knock spots off each other. There was no one great unifying spirit. There was too much "Maryland, My Maryland," and "Yankee Doodle" and not any "Casey at the Bat." All the animus that is now directed at the umpire class was allowed to foment into sectional feeling. A man from Baltimore and a man from Boston could not meet and talk in curves; they had to talk slaves. Imagine the benighted state of society! It is a wonder that the nation lasted until baseball arose in its might and strength to make of us one great people!

Both Live and Learn.

"A man lives and learns," remarked the husband, with some bitterness.

"Well, the school of experience doesn't bar co-eds," retorted his wife.—Milwaukee Journal.

A Great Thinker.

"Biggins puts a great deal of thought into his work."

"Yes; he works ten minutes and then thinks about it for an hour and a quarter."

Half of success is in seeing the significance of little things.—Henry F. Cope.

HOW TO GET GOOD ROADS.

May Be Built In Systems Miles at a Time.

PUBLIC SHOULD BE TAXED.

Would Remove a Heavy Burden on Farm Property — 1,000,000 Miles of Highways Out of 2,300,000 Are Used For Rural Free Delivery and Are Thus Post Roads.

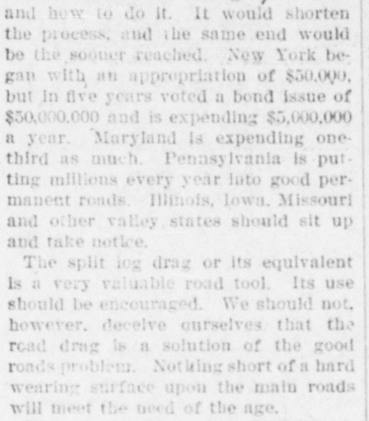
It would save a deal of time, trouble and expense if one state or community would profit by the experience of others in the matter of road building rather than persist in going forward by fits and starts and generally making a mess of it before learning what to do and how to do it. It would shorten the process, and the same end would be the sooner reached. New York began with an appropriation of $50,000, but in five years voted a bond issue of $50,000,000 and is expending $5,000,000 a year. Maryland is expending one-third as much. Pennsylvania is putting millions every year into good permanent roads. Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and other valley states should sit up and take notice.

The split log drag or its equivalent is a very valuable road tool. Its use should be encouraged. We should not, however, deceive ourselves that the road drag is a solution of the good roads problem. Nothing short of a hard wearing surface upon the main roads will meet the need of the age.

The money required to build good, permanent roads throughout the country would reach enormous figures, and if it were an item of expense that must be paid now one might well regard the task as hopeless. However, the situation when understood is not at all discouraging from a financial viewpoint. The only drawback is the reluctance of the public to study the question closely.

If the following points are kept in mind it will add to a clearer conception of the facts involved in the good roads question:

First.—Every good road built is an asset. It adds to the property value of the country more than its cost. It



GETTING THE ROAD IN CONDITION.
[From Good Roads Magazine, New York.]

increases the value of all forms of property, but farm property most of all. This receives the largest and most direct benefit from good roads. So good roads are an investment as surely as building barns, drainage or any other improvement that adds value.

Second.—The roads ought to be built in systems, many miles at a time. In this way better work can be secured and the cost per mile will be much less. If twenty to thirty miles are built at a time competition will be sharp. Contractors will plan to use the latest and most approved methods, and the result will be a better job at 10 to 25 per cent less money. There is apt to be better inspection and construction, consequently less cost to maintain, than if built in short strips.

Third.—The payment of the original cost of building the roads ought to be extended over twenty or thirty years. There is no valid reason why those now carrying the burden of taxation should bear the whole load. A stone, brick or even a good gravel road if well built will serve for a generation with a moderate up keep expense. Why should not those who come after us and enjoy the benefit help pay the bill? This makes the payment comparatively easy.

Fourth.—The roads belong to the public. Their condition affects the public welfare. They are used to carry the food supply of the world's market and to return a large part of the factory output to the farm. It is equitable that at least one-half the expense of building and caring for good roads should be chargeable to the public as a whole and the other one-half paid by the locality receiving the immediate and most direct benefit. This takes a heavy burden off farm property.

Fifth.—Out of approximately 2,300,000 miles of highways in the United States about 1,000,000 are used for rural delivery and are thus post roads. It is estimated that four-fifths of all the traffic the country over passes over one-fourth of the road mileage. It is these roads with the heavy traffic which should receive the first attention. If 400,000 miles of good stone or gravel roads were added to those already built it would give a complete network of good roads from ocean to ocean and from the lakes to the gulf and would serve from 75 to 80 per cent of all the traveling upon the public highways.

Our Few Real Needs.

As civilization and culture make people more prosperous and more comfortable they are prone to forget how few and simple their real needs are. We need sleep, but not much of it, and most of us are asleep exactly when we ought most of all to be awake. We need food, but it is not necessary that food should be cunningly disguised with a thousand devices to tickle the jaded and surfeited palate, for the main trouble is that we eat too much and not too little. We need clothes to wear, but the one suit of fur that lasts certain animals all their lives is so beautiful that some men spend their whole time in search of it. We need heaven and the sense of a higher power directing our lives and our destinies, but we spend most of our time refuting and denying the possibility of anything bigger or better than we are. We need the love of friends, and therefore it is the more strange that we should spend our time not in improving ourselves, but in decorating our bodies, filling them with food and hustling them about over the earth in search of ever freshing sensations.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Poor Fish.

This melancholy tragedy happened in Holland: A fisherman who caught a salt herring placed the fish in a tub full of salt water. Every day he took out some of the salt water and replaced it with fresh. In a few days he had the herring living in fresh water. But, not content at stopping here, he decided to try another plan. Every day he took a little water out of the tub until none was left, and the herring was still alive. The next course was walking. In a month or so the herring had developed feet and learned to walk, and he accompanied his master on his journeys. One day as they were crossing over a narrow bridge the herring caught sight of the water. Reminiscences of former days flashed through his head, and he resolved to try the water. But while still gazing at it he fell in, and before his master could aid him he was drowned.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Verdict.

The lecture was over, and the gentleman who did the talking strained his ears as he followed the audience out of the hall to gather in, so far as he could, what sort of an impression he had made. As he drew near to the doorway two old gentlemen who were making their way out just ahead of him rendered a verdict.

"Well, Bankside," said one of them, "what did you think of it?"

"I've heard worse," said Bankside.

"Did you think it was at all illuminating?" asked the other.

"In an old fashioned way, yes," replied the venerable Bankside.

"I don't quite catch your point," said the questioner.

"Why, it was illuminating, but it struck me as having more gas than electricity about it," explained the critic.—Judge.

The First Telegraph Line.

After the formal opening of the first telegraph line built for commercial purposes between Washington and Baltimore Professor Morse and his associates offered to sell the invention to the United States government for $100,000, but the price was considered too high. The government had appropriated $30,000 toward the construction of the Washington-Baltimore line, but after a short period of operation the postmaster general, to whom President Polk had referred the matter, wrote, "Although the invention is an agent vastly superior to any other devised by the genius of man, yet the operation between Washington and Baltimore has not satisfied me that under any rate of postage that can be adopted its revenues can be made to cover its expenditures."

The Onion.

The onion has been so long in cultivation that its original form is not definitely known. There are so called wild onions that grow in the woods. Nobody ever tastes them but once, and there is about the taste no suggestion that cultivation or anything else could ever make them grateful to the human palate. In all probability the onion is a native of western Asia and adjacent parts of Africa, since it is mentioned in old Egyptian writings and the Pentateuch.

Tart Repartee.

Of Sir William Harcourt, Disraeli once said in his affectedly cynical way, "He has the three essential qualifications of success in politics—a fine person, a loud voice and no principles."

To this when it was repeated to him Harcourt rejoined, "Leaving out the first two qualifications, it might almost be applied to 'Dizzy' himself."

An Autobiography.

Mrs. Chugwater—Josiah, what is an autobiography? Mr. Chugwater—It's the story of a man's life written as he thinks it ought to be. Couldn't you tell that from the word itself?—Chicago Tribune.

A Success.

Byker—I attended a successful sleight of hand performance last night. Pyker—Really. Byker—Yes. I lent a conjurer a counterfeit half dollar, and he gave me back a good one.

One Better.

First Child—We've got a new baby at our house. Second Child (contemptuously)—We've got a new pa at ours.—Presbyterian Standard.

This being called me, whatever it is, consists of a little flesh, a little breath and the part which governs.—Marcus Aurelius.

NERVOUS TWITCHINGS.

An Affliction From Which Men of Genius Often Suffer.

Many men of genius, like the insane, are subject to curious spasmodic and choreic movements. Professor Lombroso in one of his books pointed out that Lenau and Montesquieu left upon the floor of their rooms the signs of the movements by which their feet were convulsively agitated during composition.

Buffon, Dr. Johnson, Santeuil, Crebillon and Lombardini exhibited the most remarkable facial contortions. There was a constant quiver on Thomas Campbell's thin lips. Chateaubriand was long subject to convulsive movements of the arm.

Napoleon suffered from an habitual spasm of the right shoulder and of the lips. "My anger," he said one day after an altercation with Lowe, "must have been fearful, for I felt the vibration of my calves, which has not happened to me for a long time."

Peter the Great suffered from convulsive movements which horribly distorted his face. "Carducci's face at certain moments," writes Mantegazza, "is a veritable hurricane; lightnings dart from his eyes, and his muscles tremble." Ampere could express his thoughts only while walking and when his body was in a state of constant movement. Socrates often danced and jumped in the street without reason.

FRENCH TRADESMEN.

Bows and Smiles and Flattery All Used In Business.

"Bon jour, madame." This in a cordial tone and accompanied by a ready smile is the welcome of your French tradesman or tradeswoman. With lowly bows and widespreading smiles he shows himself delighted to serve you. If you look over everything in the shop and buy only the wing of a chicken, yet he will just as smilingly bow you out and hope to see you again.

Once I entered my milkman's speckless shop and was met by Monsieur Jean himself. "Oh, Monsieur Jean," I smiled, "I am so sorry! Your milk is so delicious, but I find that I cannot use all of 4 cents' worth a day." Monsieur Jean was all sympathy, understanding at once, and answered, "But, madame, let me send you half that quantity, 2 cents' worth—1 cent's worth—what you will." And with a shrug and a smile, as if to say, "What is 2 cents' worth of milk compared with the honor of your patronage?" he put my fears to rest.

This subtle flattery of the tradesman is really good business. One is only human, and it is so pleasant to be a person of consequence! I resolved on the spot to buy all my butter and cheese from Monsieur Jean, as well as the milk.—New Idea Woman's Magazine.

A Dog and a Song.

During one of the last birthday celebrations of the poet Whittier he was visited by a celebrated oratorio singer. The lady was asked to sing, and, seating herself at the piano, she began the beautiful ballad "Robin Adair." She had hardly begun before Mr. Whittier's pet dog came into the room and, seating himself by her side, watched her as if fascinated, listening with a delight unusual in an animal. When she finished he came and put his paw very gravely into her hand and licked her cheek. "Robin takes that as a tribute to himself," said Mr. Whittier. "He also is Robin Adair." The dog, hearing his own name, evidently considered that he was the hero of the song. From that moment during the lady's visit he was her devoted attendant. He kept by her side when she was indoors and accompanied her when she went to walk. When she went away he carried her satchel in his mouth to the gate and watched her departure with every evidence of distress.

Courtship In China.

A curious custom prevails at Huayninghsien, in Kwangsi. On the fifteenth day of the first month in each year all the young ladies and gentlemen take a walk to the Yenyen mountain. Each damsel carries a little box, which she deposits at the foot of the hill. Any young gentleman desirous of entering the bonds of matrimony may select one of the boxes and take it away with him, whereupon the fair owner of the box makes herself known, and an acquaintanceship is thus formed. Ill assorted matches are not likely to occur, as this custom is observed only among the well to do classes of society.

Rattled.

A nervous looking man walked into a grocery store with his baby on one arm and a kerosene can on the other, placed the can on the counter and said, "Sit there a moment, dear." Then, holding the baby up to the dazed clerk, he added, "Fill this thing up with kerosene."—Argonaut.

Cheerful.

Old Nurse (to newly married couple after viewing the wedding presents)—Well, my dears, you ought to be very 'appy. There ain't a thing amongst 'em as a pawnbroker wouldn't be pleased to 'andle.—London Punch.

A Kicker.

"Got a new baby at your house, have you? Boy or girl?"

"Girl, but she's an anarchist. She hasn't done a thing but howl indignant protests against existing conditions since she came."—Chicago Tribune.

The understanding is always the dupe of the heart.—La Rochefoucauld.

No Toadying.

Among the good old ways of "merrie England" is the tendency to democracy prevailing in her boys' schools. Parents can be assured, it is said, that no pampering will fall to the lot of their sons, however exalted may be their rank or great their possessions. An English paper tells the story of an Indian official of high rank calling upon the house master in a famous public school, where a young prince, son of a rajah, was being educated. This official brought a special message from his master, the rajah, to the effect that he wanted no favors or exceptional treatment of any sort extended to his son on account of his exalted birth.

"You may set the mind of the rajah at rest on that score," said the house master, struggling to keep back his smile before the dignified anxiety of the Indian official. "If the authorities were inclined to discriminate in the prince's favor, the boys of the school would set the matter right. Among them generally the rajah's son answers to the name of 'Nigger,' and I understand that with his intimates he is familiarly known as 'Coal Scuttle.'"

Sinister Motives.

Two men—William Jones and John Smith—were neighbors and deadly enemies. They often crossed swords in court and out of it, and Jones, being what might be called more clever than Smith, invariably got the better of the encounter. In the end so cowed was Smith that the slightest move on the part of Jones made him nervous and suspicious, and with the remark, "I wonder what object he has in this?" he called up all his reserve faculties to combat the fresh attack which poor Jones never contemplated.

One day a friend called on Smith and greeted him with:

"Well, old man, have you heard the news?"

"No," said Smith. "What news?"

"Jones is dead. He died last night at midnight," replied the other.

Smith paused, drew a hard breath, raised his hand to his forehead and thought, then blurted out:

"Dead, did you say—Jones dead! Great heavens! I wonder what object he has in this?"

Got on His Nerves.

Frugal North Briton (in his first experience of a taxi)—Here, mon, stop! I hae a weak heart. I canna stand that hang't wee machine o' yours markin' up thae tuppences.—London Punch.

The Others.

"I have kings among my ancestors," said the boastful visitor. "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne, "and also knaves and two spots."—Washington Star.

Base gains are the same as losses.—Hesiod.

The Conservation of Nature's Resources.

Applies as well to our physical state as to material things. C. J. Budlong, Washington, R. I. realized his condition, and took warning before it was too late. He says: "I suffered severely from kidney trouble, the disease being hereditary in our family. I have taken four bottles of Foley's Kidney Remedy, and now consider myself thoroughly cured. This should be a warning to all not to neglect taking Foley's Kidney Remedy until it is too late." Sold by C. M. Parrish.

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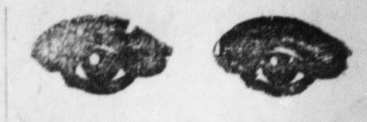

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